

749

76 Feb 1794 Purchased at Chapman's Sale

A

D I A L O G U E

B E T W E E N

DICK and *TIM*.

(Price Six-Pence.)



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A
D I A L O G U E

B E T W E E N

TWO FREE ELECTORS,

D I C K and T I M,

On a certain Day of the Poll

For L---d T—TH—M and
Sir G—E V—D--P--T,

When a great Majority of Votes seeming to carry it in Favour of the former, several Public Houses were discharged, and left without fresh Orders, as to their being kept open, for the Reception of his L--dsh-p's Friends.

L O N D O N:

Printed for W. OWEN, at *Temple Bar*, 1749.

D I A L O G U E

B E T W E E N

T W O F R I E N D S

D I C K and T O M

On a certain Day of the Fall

For L--d T--M and
Sir G--E--P--T--



When a great Majority of Votes seemed to carry
it in favour of the former, several Public Houses
were discharged, and left without their Orders,
as to their being kept open for the Reception of
his L--d's friends.

L O N D O N

Printed for W. Owen, at Temple Bar, 1792.

A
W O R D
T O T H E
R E A D E R.

*WHEREAS the following Lines
may seem to contain some false
Assertions or Innuendos on both Sides,
the Reader is desired to take Notice,
That the same (howsoever false) are
no Lies with regard to the Author;
who*

who neither introduced them as his own Sayings, nor ever was wanting in due Respect for both the worthy Candidates; but was sensible nevertheless, That he would have deadened the Humour of the Dialogue, if he had confined the Interlocutors to speak with a nicely strict Regard to Truth and Manners. Thus much for the Readers in general.

And as to those, in particular, who can lay any Claim to a Share in the glorious Title of Free Electors for the C--y and L—y of W——R; the Author humbly presumes to hope, they will

will shew no Reluctancy to suppose,
 That there might happen to be among
 Them, on each Side, One odd Fellow
 like DICK. or TIM; ~~there being~~ no
 harder Supposition^{being}, requisite, to make
 Truth appear Truth-like in this their
 merry Conversation:

The Publisbing of which (though it
 should be attended with some Utility)
 can hardly be said to have any other
 Intent, than that the Public may be
 made Partakers of the innocent Di-
 version it afforded to some Friends, in
 a private Rehearsal of the same.

C D. M . . . y .

A

will show no Reluctancy to suppose
That there might happen to be among
Them, on each Side; One odd Fellow
like Dick, or Tim; ~~who~~ no
border Supposition, requires, to make
Truth appear Truth-like in this
every Conversation:

The Publishing of which (though it
should be attended with some Utility)
can hardly be said to have any other
Intention, than that the Public may be
made Partakers of the innocent Di-
version it affords to some Friends, in
a private Rehearsal of the same.

A

D I A L O G U E

B E T W E E N

T W O F R E E E L E C T O R S ,

D I C K and *T I M*,

On a certain Day of the Poll

For L---d *T*—*T H*—*M* and

Sir *G*—*E* *V*—*D*--*P*--*T*.

In *November* 1749.

D I C K.

O ! how d'ye do? I'm glad to see you well :

Shake Hands, dear *Tim* ! What News hast
Thou to tell?

B

How

How stands the Poll? I han't been there as yet:
'Tis TR--TH--M still, they tell me, wins the Bet?

T I M.

Why, *Dick*, I call upon ye, juſt to know
Whether you'll come and vote for Him, or no?

D I C K.

Plague on't! my Wife, and *Dol*, that little Slut,
Teaſe me to go and vote for V--D--P--T.

T I M.

Ay, Women know poor Huſbands how to coſen:
But heark ye, *Dick*! you know I am your Couſin,
And, in your Way of Buſ'neſs (you will own)
The beſt of Cuſtomers that e'er was known.

D I C K.

(II)

D I C K.

Well then, I'll go, and vote for *Tr---th--m* too:
I b'lieve indeed, the bigger Half en't true
Of all the Lies they tell about his L--dsh--p:
He has discharg'd the Duty of his Wardship,
As well as any Man alive, when he was in:
Why should not He be good for us again?
Besides, I hear he's mighty rich: while t'other
'Bout whom they make so whimsical a Pother,
Is worth **so** very little, ■ that he mought
Let soon the Golden Muzzle pinch his Snout;
And, Want of Pocket Money, soon he wou'd,
On *crit'cal* Days, prove bad *as well* as good;
Nay *rather*; if 'tis true, what Neighbours say,
That he is much inclin'd --- God knows what Way--

I hear the People's Talk, and little mind it :
 Things may be better, and be worse --- we'll find it,
 When 'tis too late, perhaps, for to repent
 Our being bully'd to a rash Consent.

T I M.

Why, ye talk Sense ! But while ye stand a Talking,
 We might be gone : And one may talk a Walking:
 Last Night, with Lady *B--tt--y's* Chamber-Maid,
 I drank a Bowl o'Punch the Wench had made :
 I can't imagine, what a Change o'Mind,
 All of a sudden, made her be so kind :
 In short, She made me swear, by Hell and Heaven,
 I wou'd be there to vote, before Eleven :
 And now, for all I hasted, 'tis most One :
 Don't tarry *Dick* : For *her* Sake, let's be gone.

D I C K.

(13)

D I C K.

I will: and get a hearty Dinner by it:

The De'il, this Day, shan't keep me to a Dyet:

How dull a Belly looks, when 'tis so shrunken!

I'll drink *L--d* *TR--TH-M*'s Health till I am drunk.

I like that swarming Bustle o' free Electors,

Treated by Candidates as their Protectors!

I'll see My *L--d*, and speak to Him my self:

And be, all Day, as sprightly as an Elf.

Pray, Cousin, what's the House we're going to?

Why! are ye dumb? --or deaf? which of the two, }

That you can't answer? --Nay! you're smiling too, }

As if you had a Fool before ye —Well?

Which are the open Houses? Won't ye tell?

T I M.

(14)

T I M.

Why, *Dick*, if I must speak the Truth, There's none :
They told me so, this Morning, at the *Tun*,
As I was calling there to take a Dram

D I C K.

You don't say so? I guess, 'tis but a Sham?

T I M.

No Sham, I vow! They tell me All the same :
Some at it laugh; and Others cry, for Shame!
Old Nick may tell ye what My L--d intends;
But, That there is no House to treat his Friends,
Is Fact indeed; too plain to be deny'd,
And which makes Numbers (if they ben't bely'd)
So mad as go and vote on t'other Side.

D I C K.

(15)

D I C K.

They're in the right, B- G-d! That's my Opinion :

I'd do the same — No Lord alive shou'd pinion

Shou'd pinion me, or tie me down to serve him,

Just as the Slave a Master that wou'd starve him.

T I M.

Truly, I think so too : God knows my Heart :

And though you see I take his Lordship's Part,

The De'il, B- G-d, is tempting me, this Hour,

To turn a *V-n-d-p-tian*, spite of Pow'r :

But that bewitching Wench, who made me swear,

In spite of Dev'l and all, still keeps me in her Snare.

D I C K.

Well, but I have no pretty Wench to coxe :

And so, B- G-d, I'll do like other Folks :

I'll

I'll please my Wife, and please my little Slut :
And spite of Dev'l and all, shall vote for V--D-P-T.

A W O M A N. in the S T R E E T.

You're right ! you're right ! 'Tis *He*, will please the
Nation,

As sure as I'm alive, and hope for SALIVATION.

F I N I S.